THE DOOM OF ALI.

(A Persian Legend.)

At eve there walked in Ispahan
A man of mystic lore,
And by his side there strode a friend
Not met for years before.

"How goes life with thee, Ali?"
The man of magic said,
"The sheik, the father, does he live,
Or is he long since dead?

"Hast thou of steeds fleet as the wind,
And camels, many a one?
Hast thou a wife, and that best gift
Of Heaven, a manly son?"

"Thanks be to God who gives all good,"
Said Ali in reply,
"My father lives to rule his tribe,
Age hath not dimmed his eye.

"And when we chase the fleet gazelle
My horses lead the van,
My camels carry goods of price
In many a caravan.

"A faithful wife sits in my tent
And mourns her absent lord,
My sons are handsome, strong and good,
And skilled with spear and sword."

"Now, by my beard," the sorcerer cried,
"Thou art a happy man,
I'd rather have thy place today
Than rule in Ispahan.

"How happens that I find thee here,
Where merchants strive for gain?
What brought thee to the pent-up town?
What drove thee from the plain?"

"There came a vision in my sleep,"
Then Ali slowly said,
"To tell me that this very night
I should be lying dead."

As Ali spoke a weird form came
Out from the darkening West,
With gloomy eyes and wan pale face
In funeral raiment dressed.

"And what is that?" he asked the seer,
Halting with bated breath,
"'T is Azrael dread," was the reply,
"Whom mortals know as death."

Then Ali bowed him to the ground
And cried aloud in fear,
"I pray thee use thy magic power
To send me far from here."

The wizard spoke a mystic word,
And Ali disappeared,
Transported to a far-off land,
Far from the form he feared.

"Who walked with thee but now, I pray,"
Asked Death as he drew near.
"Ali, a friend of youthful years
Was with me," said the seer.

"He feared thee and I used a power
That has been given me
To send him safe to India
To save his soul from thee."

"'Tis passing strange," said Death at this,
"At early morning's light
God ordered me to call for him
In India tonight."

—Miller Purvis.

Silas Gordon's Daughter.

It was a hot day in July when Walter Ainsworth left the dusty, noisy city for a few weeks' stay at an old homestead in the highlands. Scarcely had he arrived at the hospitable country home and exchanged greetings with Mr. West and his kindly wife when the children began to tell him of Miss Gordon, their boarder, who had been sent into the country for the benefit of her health.

"There she comes now!" exclaimed little Robert West, and, looking toward the woodland, Mr. Ainsworth saw approaching a slight, dark-eyed maiden, simply attired in a blue serge skirt with a pink cotton waist, while a broad-brimmed hat of coarse straw was tied under her chin with white muslin strings.

As he seated himself at the bountiful supper table, Miss Gordon quietly entered, and, as an introduction was given, slipped into the chair beside him. Mr. Ainsworth chatted merrily with Robert, planning fishing excursions and long tramps over the hills, now and then addressing a remark to Miss Gordon, who listened with sympathetic attention. When he looked at the girlish, innocent face beside him, Walter Ainsworth realized that a new and charming element had entered into his annual vacation at the old farmhouse on the hill.

Happy were the summer days as they flew by! Often as Mr. Ainsworth and Robert came home at night carrying their fishing rods over their shoulders, with a basket of fish that was some times full and sometimes empty, Miss Gordon and little Mollie West would come over the hills to meet them, and enliven the long walk with jests and laughter. Sometimes the whole family would crowd into the big spring wagon and ride away for a picnic at some picturesque point in the neighborhood. Sometimes when rainy weather kept them indoors Miss Gordon would entertain the children with games and stories.

One evening after the little ones were put to bed and Mr. Ainsworth was sitting on the moonlit porch talking to Miss Gordon, he complimented her on her never-failing fund of amusements with which she beguiled the children.

"Well, you see, I teach in a kindergarten in the city during the winter," she said, half-apologetically. "That is where I learned to love children."

"Where do you teach?" he asked, with interest.

She mentioned the name of one of the free kindergartens of the city.

"It is a noble work," said he, enthusiastically, "and for a young woman who wants to earn her own living I should think it would be a pleasant occupation."

A look of surprise crossed her face and then she turned away with a quiet smile.

Finally came the end of all these dreaming summer days.

The golden sun was just sinking behind the western hills, touching the roof of the old home with a mellow light and investing the peaceful landscape with new beauty, when Walter Ainsworth stood in the doorway looking anxiously about for Miss Gordon. His eye caught a gleam of pink in the distance and he could faintly discern her form half-hidden by the foliage of the trees. He walked quickly down the orchard path and found her leaning upon the rustic fence as she watched the last rays of the dying sun fade from out the sky.

"I have just finished the preparations for my departure early tomorrow morning," said he, as she turned to greet him with her usual frank smile. "Tomorrow I will be back in the busy, bustling city and hard at work again." He paused a moment and then spoke in a lower tone: "I wonder if you will miss me?"

The girl dropped her eyes and fingered the strings of the hat that swung carelessly on her arm.

"Of course I shall miss you," she said, tremulously.

"This has been the happiest summer I have spent at the old farmhouse," said he. "I wish I might dare to hope it has been as much to you as it has been to me."

Still the brown eyes were overcast and the little fingers twisted the hat strings, while a light flush crept into the rounded cheeks.

Something in her attitude and manner emboldened him to proceed: "You know, I am only a poor struggling lawyer. Yet, as I have hopes of the future, my dearest wish shall be to win your regard."

"You know so little of me," she said at last, raising her eyes for an instant and then dropping them again as she saw the ardent gaze he bent upon her.

"I have learned to know you well," he said. "We might have known each other a year in ordinary social intercourse and yet not be as well acquainted as we are after three weeks in this unconventional atmosphere."

He took her hand with a strong, protecting grasp. "I shall not ask for a definite answer now. Let me come to see you at your home in the city. Let me have a talk with your father. Where can I see him?"

A smile dimpled her cheeks as she said: "I will write and inform you as soon as I return to the city. Father is away just now, but when he comes back I will ask him to communicate with you."

The children came romping and laughing down the pathway, urging Miss Gordon to come in and sing for them, so Walter Ainsworth was forced to be content with a formal leave-taking in the presence of the family.

Two weeks had passed since his return to the city, and Walter Ainsworth was becoming somewhat impatient at the enforced separation, when one morning the mail brought him a daintily penned missive from Alice Gordon, stating that she was at home and would be glad to see him in the evening. As he laid down the letter, after half a dozen readings, he mechanically opened another, which he noticed bore the printed heading of one of the largest business firms in the city. It was from Alice's father and contained a brief but cordial invitation to call at his office at an appointed hour in the afternoon. It was signed with the name of Silas Gordon, and as he glanced at the bold signature Walter Ainsworth sprung from his chair in astonishment. It was the name of the head of the firm, a millionaire, and one of the most influential men in the great city.

"Impossible!" said he, and hastily turned to the city directory to see if there could be two persons by that name. The name of Silas Gordon occurred but once, and the house address corresponded with that given by his daughter in her little note.

Walter Ainsworth paced rapidly back and forth across the room, as he reviewed his acquaintance with Alice. Her simple dress, her natural, unaffected manner, and, above all, her statement that she was a kindergarten teacher, had given him the impression that her family were in only ordinary circumstances. Suddenly he recalled the fact that a number of wealthy girls in the city had instituted the free kindergarten system, and a few had even donated their services as teachers. "What an idiot I have been!" he ejaculated. "What must they think of me!" and the painful thought crossed his mind that perhaps Mr. Gordon's request to call at his office veiled an intention to give a harsh dismissal to the audacious lover.

Summoning all his resolution, however, at the appointed hour he entered the offices of Mr. Gordon and sent in his name. He was immediately ushered into a handsomely furnished private room and a dignified, gray-haired gentleman rose to greet him. Without waiting for Mr. Gordon to introduce the subject, he began to speak of his acquaintance with Miss Gordon. "I could not help but love her," he said, "but I would never have addressed her had I known that she was your daughter." He then spoke of his own prospects and said in conclusion: "I trust you will understand that I now realize the difference between her situation and my own and while I shall never forget her kindness I will withdraw the words I have spoken to her."

The elder man heard him through in silence and then turned to him with a kindly smile. "What you have said, Mr. Ainsworth, only confirms the report I have received from my daughter and increases my respect for you. I was a poor young man myself some years ago and it has always been my desire that my daughters should be chosen for themselves and not for their wealth or worldly advantages. My wife and I have been spending the summer in Germany with my eldest daughter, who married a German count." He paused a moment and his countenance fell. "I suppose she is happy enough, but I would much prefer that she had an American husband."

As if to terminate the interview, he rose to his feet. "Suppose you come up to our home this evening? Perhaps Alice can settle this question."

As Walter Ainsworth approached a handsome stone house, situated on an aristocratic avenue, he saw an elegant carriage drive up and Alice herself alight and walk rapidly up the steps. Could this stately young woman, dressed in a handsome costume of silk and velvet, be his girlish companion of the summer? His heart sunk within him.

He was shown into an exquisite little reception-room, richly furnished in white and gold. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and still Miss Gordon did not appear. Suddenly he heard a faint rustle and turned quickly toward the doorway. The curtains parted and there stood a slight, dark-eyed girl, simply dressed in an old blue serge skirt, with a pink cotton waist, while a battered straw hat swung on her arm. A merry yet tender smile lighted up her face.

"You see I have not changed. Have you?" she said.

"Say no more, dearest," he whispered, as he took her in his longing arms. "The gifts of the gods are not to be denied."—Chicago Daily News.

Graves of the Presidents.

Washington's tomb is a brick vault at Mount Vernon.

John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, lie buried in a granite vault beneath the Unitarian church at Quincy, Mass.

Thomas Jefferson lies under an obelisk in a little graveyard on the road from Charlottesville, Va., to Monticello.

James Madison rests on the old Madison estate near Montpelier, Hanover county, Va.

James Monroe's body lies beneath a huge block of polished Virginia marble in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond, Va.

Andrew Jackson reposes under a massive granite monument amid a grove of magnolias in a corner of the Hermitage, near Nashville, Tenn.

Martin Van Buren is buried in the family lot in the village cemetery at Kinderhook, N. Y.

William Henry Harrison sleeps at his home at North Bend, on the Ohio river, an unfenced mound over the family vault marking his grave.

John Tyler's vine-covered grave lies within a few feet of Monroe's, in Hollywood cemetery, Richmond.

James K. Polk is buried in the private garden of the family homestead at Nashville, Tenn., a limestone monument with Doric columns marking his resting place.

Zachary Taylor's ashes were interred at Cave Hill cemetery, Louisville, Ky., and subsequently removed to Frankfort.

Millard Fillmore's grave in Forest Lawn cemetery is surrounded by a stately shaft of Scotch granite.

Franklin Pierce sleeps under a marble monument in the cemetery at Concord, N. H.

James Buchanan is buried at Woodward Hill cemetery, Lancaster, Pa., a simple block of Italian marble forming the headstone.

Abraham Lincoln rests under a great pile of marble, granite and bronze in the Oak Ridge cemetery at Springfield, Ill.

Andrew Johnson lies on a cone-shaped eminence near Greenville, Tenn., on which his sons have erected a marble monument with a granite base.

Ulysses S. Grant will sleep, after April 27, in the magnificent temple on Riverside Heights, near which his remains lie in a temporary receptacle.

Rutherford B. Hayes is buried at Fremont, O.

James A. Garfield reposes under a towering monument in Lake View cemetery, Cleveland, O.

Chester A. Arthur is buried in Rural cemetery, Albany.

Methods of Authors.

George Eliot generally wrote doubled up on a sofa, her feet curled under her, sofa pillows and a pad of paper on her lap.

Mrs. Browning generally wrote in bed.

Harriett Prescott Spofford writes anywhere—on her lap—meanwhile taking an animated part in the conversation going on about her.

Anthony Trollope always wrote standing up very straight at a high desk, with his watch before him, timing himself to a certain length of duty.

Whittier and Longfellow were very methodical, always had their desks in perfect order and demanded utter quiet.

Walt Whitman could write anywhere. He has been seen writing on the edge of a newspaper in an omnibus, his elbow all the time joggled by the driver, quite serene and comfortable.

Cake Without Eggs.—One coffee cup of sugar—powdered—two large tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into the sugar, one and a half cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake quickly in small tins, and eat while fresh and warm.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

OUR OWN TIMES, SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

Text Acts, 13:36: "David After He Had Served His Own Generation by the Will of God Fell on Sleep"—Good Advice for Lawmakers.

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die; a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone-slinger, and fighter, and dramatist, and blank-verse writer, and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep." It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden times, life was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess, and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We can not teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchres are deaf and dumb to anything we might say of them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could; not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted. I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "Oh, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers."

But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Passed forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased. We shall not see them; we shall not hear any of their voices; we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophies, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may, by our behavior, start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve, our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe, and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with tthat celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past, and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off, and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is, that you and I will have to start very soon for our work, or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "After he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prayerfully, in a common sense way, and see what we can do for our own generation. First of all, let us see to it that, as far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girdled the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wheat fields, and oceans full of fish, and prairies full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are now suffering either for lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew, and God only can set it right. Many of the greatest estates of today have been built out of the blood and bones of unrequited toil. In olden times, for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Ispahan had to contribute 70,000 skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were compelled to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while into the tower of the world's wealth and pomp have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half-fed populations of the earth—millions of skulls. Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses of abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take any one of those five courses between soup and almond nuts and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers sell coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, many of the laboring class feel so miserable they are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobacconist calls tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rum sellers call beer. Good coffee would do much in driving out bad rum.

How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? Oh, no! By finding out who in this city has been living on gristle, and sending than a tenderloin beefsteak. Seek out some family, who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes, have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake, and begin the supply of others' necessities. So far from helping appease the world's hunger, are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while someone was turning it round and round and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder, while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax from being round and dull, got keener and keener. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank, another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner—his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner, and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?"

* * *

But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The other one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be, a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish, until, instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I will let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus, and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of the present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change, and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear.

God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back, and flocks roam the mountains and valleys with a burden of warmth intended for transference to human comfort, when the shuttles of the factories, reaching all the way from Chattahoochee to the Merrimac, shall have spun and woven it. In white letters of snowy fleece God has been writing for a thousand years, his wish that there might be warmth for all nations. While others are discussing the effect of high or low tariff, or no tariff at all, on wool, you and I had better see if in our wardrobes we have nothing that we can spare for the suffering, or pick out some poor lad of the street and take him down to a clothing store and fit him out for the season. Gospel of shoes! Gospel of hats! Gospel of clothes for the naked!

Again, let us look around and see how we may serve our generation. What shortsighted mortals we would be if we were anxious to clothe and feed only the most insignificant part of a man, namely, his body, while we put forth no effort to clothe and feed and save his soul. Time is a little piece broken off a great eternity. What are we doing for the souls of this present generation? Let me say it is a generation worth saving. Most magnificent men and women are in it. We make a great ado about the improvements in navigation, and in locomotion, and in art and machinery. We remark what wonders of telegraph and telephone and the stethoscope. What improvement is electric light over a tallow candle! But all these improvements are insignificant compared with the improvement in the human race. In olden times, once in a while, a great and good man or woman would come up, and the world has made a great fuss about it ever since; but now they are so numerous, we scarcely speak about them. We put a halo about the people of the past, but I think if the times demanded them, it would be found we have now living in this year, 1898, fifty Martin Luthers, fifty George Washingtons, fifty Lady Huntingdons, fifty Elizabeth Frys. During our civil war more splendid warriors in North and South were developed in four years than the whole world developed in the previous twenty years. I challenge the 4,000 years before Christ and also the eighteen centuries after Christ to show me the equal of charity on a large scale of George Peabody. This generation of men and women is more worth saving than any one of the 180 generations that have passed off. Where shall we begin? With ourselves. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, on the north side are desertion and death; on the south side is victory; on the north side Panama and poverty; on the south side Peru with all its riches. Choose for yourselves; for my part I go to the south." Stepping across the line one by one his troops followed, and finally his whole army.

The sword of God's truth draws the dividing line today. On one side of it are sin, and ruin and death; on the other side of it are pardon and usefulness and happiness and heaven. You cross from the wrong side to the right side, and your family will cross with you, and your friends and your associates. The way you go they will go. If we are not saved, we will never save any one else. * * *

Why will you keep us all so nervous talking about that which is only a dormitory and a pillowed slumber, canopied by angels' wings? Sleep! Transporting sleep! And what a glorious awakening! You and I have sometimes been thoroughly bewildered after a long and fatiguing journey; we have stopped at a friend's house for the night, and after hours of complete unconsciousness we have opened our eyes, the high-risen sun full in our faces, and before we could fully collect our faculties, have said: "Where am I; whose house is this, and whose are these gardens?" And, then, it has flashed upon us in glad reality.

And I should not wonder if, after we have served our generation, and by the will of God, have fallen on sleep, the deep sleep, the restful sleep, we should awaken in blissful bewilderment, and for a little while say: "Where am I? What palace is this? Why, this looks like heaven! It is; it is. Why, there is a building grander than all the castles of earth heaved into a mountain of splendor—that must be the palace of Jesus. And look there, at those walks lined with foliage more beautiful than anything I ever saw before, and see those who are walking down those aisles of verdure. From what I have heard of them, those two arm and arm must be Moses and Joshua, him of Mount Sinai and him of the halting sun over Gibeon. And those two walking arm in arm must be John and Paul, the one so gentle and the other so mighty.

"But I must not look any longer at those gardens of beauty, but examine this building in which I have just awakened. I look out of the window this way and that, and up and down, and I find it is a mansion of immense size in which I am stopping. All its windows of agate and its colonnades of porphyry and alabaster. Why, I wonder if this is not the 'House of many Mansions,' of which I used to read? It is; it is. There must be many of my kindred and friends in this very mansion. Hark! Whose are those voices? Whose are those bounding feet? I open the door and see, and lo! they are coming through all the corridors and up and down all the stairs, our long-absent kindred. Why, there is father, there is mother, there are the children. All well again. All young again. All of us together again. And as we embrace each other with the cry, 'Never more to part; never more to part,' the arches, the alcoves, the hallways echo and re-echo the, words 'Never more to part, never more to part!' Then our glorified friends say: 'Come out with us and see heaven.' And, some of them bounding ahead of us and some of them skipping beside us, we start down the ivory stairway. And we meet, coming up, one of the kings of ancient Israel, somewhat small of stature, but having a countenance radiant with a thousand victories. And as all are making obeisance to this great one of heaven, I cry out, 'Who is he?' and the answer comes: 'This is the greatest of all kings; it is David, who, after he had served his generation by the will of God, fell on sleep.'"

Grateful Wrens.

An Illinois gentleman sends to the Montreal Herald a pretty bird story: Close to my window, as I write this, I see a wren's nest. Three years ago I drove some nails in a sheltered corner; a pair of wrens built their nest there. The old birds often come into my office and sing. One of them has repeatedly alighted on my desk as I have been writing, saying plainly by his actions, "You won't hurt me. We are friends." A few years since, in a knot-hole in a dead tree, near a path from my office to my house, lived a family of wrens, with whom I had formed a very intimate acquaintance. One day, while I was passing in a hurry, I heard the two old birds uttering cries of fear and anger, and as I got past the tree one of them followed me, and by its peculiar motions and cries induced me to turn back. I examined the nest and found the young birds all right, looked into the tree's branches, but saw no enemies there, and started away. Both birds then followed me with renewed cries, and when I was a few yards away they flew in front of me, fluttered a moment, and then darted back to the tree. Then one of them came back to me, fluttering and crying, then darted from me near to the ground under the tree. I looked, and there lay a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike. I secured a stick and killed him, the wrens looking on from the tree; and the moment I did so, they changed their song to a lively, happy one, seeming to say, "Thank you!" in every note.

A Charitable Duchess.

The Duchess of Portland is an untiring charity worker, and her name has headed many a list of patronesses of bazaars and church social affairs. While she is seven duchesses behind the Duchess of Marlborough, she is said to be the greatest duchess in England. Her popularity is something tremendous. As most will remember, she was Miss Yorke, and her capture of the wealthy, good-looking duke was one of the greatest catches ever recorded in the annals of gossip tattling London town. She is the devoted mother of two children. The Marquis of Titchfield was born in 1893 and Lady Victoria Dorothy in 1897.

Skepticism.

No small portion of the skepticism of the present day is due to the effect of the astonishing progress of the natural and physical sciences and to the impression made by the applied practical arts and inventions.—Rev. G. P. Fisher.